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THE ORPHEUS POEMS - SERIES 1

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IF IT BE YOUR WILL

Limited Print Run. This is:

No. ____

“If it be your will, that a voice be true
From this broken hill, I will sing to you
From this broken hill
All your praises they shall ring
If it be your will, to let me sing”

Leonard Cohen (1984 [2010]) If it be your will. Sung by The Webb Sisters. From the Album Savages. Proper Records; London.

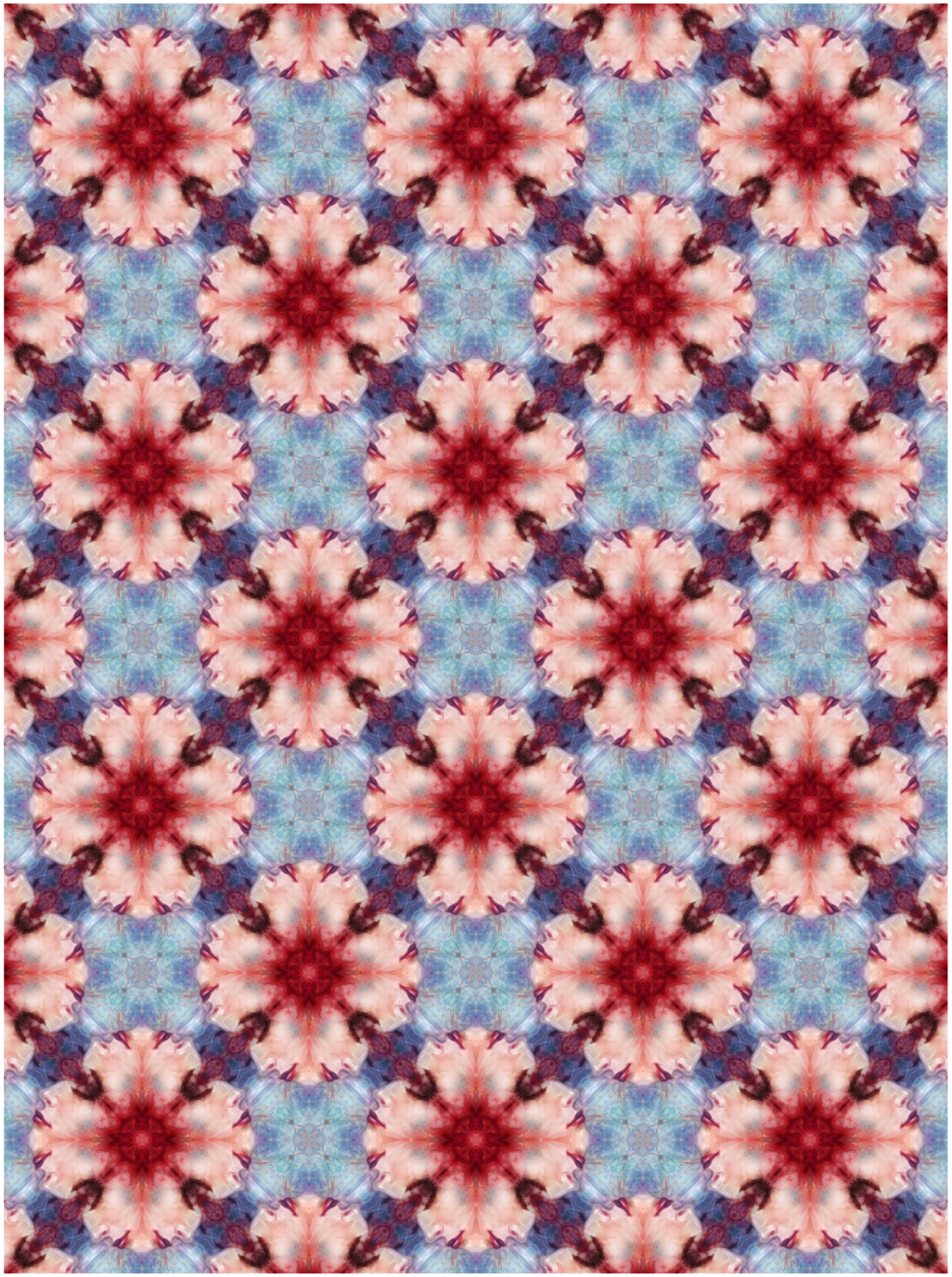
THE ORPHEUS POEMS

TITLES OF POEMS IN SERIES 01

01 - FINDING LOVE WITHIN (2022)
02 - AS ONLY POETS SING (2022)
03 - A WILLING SOUL (2022)
04 - IF IT BE YOUR WILL (2022)
05 - THE ESSENCE OF THINGS (2022)
06 - TRUTH STILL SCARES (2022)
07 - WHAT REARS BEYOND TEARS (2022)
08 - LET SILENT PRAYERS SPEAK (2022)
09 - I WILL NOT WAIT (2022)
10 - LET LOVE REIGN (2022)
11 - MNEMOSYNE SONG (2022)
12 - RESONATING THE OPPOSITE (2022)
13 - ENABLING FATE (2022)
14 - HOW GREAT THIS GIFT YOU BESTOWED (2022)
15 - POETIC FAITH (2022)
16 - RISE UP: SWEETLY WE WILL TRAVEL (2022)
17 - THE ETERNAL MARCH (2022)
18 - YOU SING IN JOY (2022)
19 - ECHOING THE MUSE (2022)
20 - WAVE UPON WAVE (2022)
21 - FOR LOVE - FROM FRIENDSHIP (2022)

ALSO AVAILABLE IN

David Scanlon (2022) Eternal Songs From Memory.
Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow.



IF IT BE YOUR WILL

“O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,
Student of our sweet English tongue,
Read out my words at night, alone:
I was a poet, I was young.

Since I can never see your face,
And never shake you by the hand,
I send my soul through time and space
To greet you. You will understand.”

James Elroy Flecker (1911) From the Poem To a poet a thousand years hence in Forty-two poems. J. M. Dent and Sons; London.

If it be your will, that I speak no Ill,
Seek in life thrill, and with voice still,
Speak of your will, from this broken hill:
I will then have found, a way profound
To sing of our love, unbroken from above,
This is the thrill, singing from your will.

If it be your will, let me with my voice,
Make a hopeful choice, together then rejoice,
Speak with this my will, from my broken hill:
We then may find, love we left behind,
And sing with a heart, beyond not apart.
This is the thrill, to sing of her will.

Now draw us near, as we escape our fear,
Lead us to your light, o guide of pure delight;
I will Sing of your will, from my broken hill:
Of rivers of delight, bathed in your light
Sing of all our love, cascading from above
This is the thrill, singing from my will.